

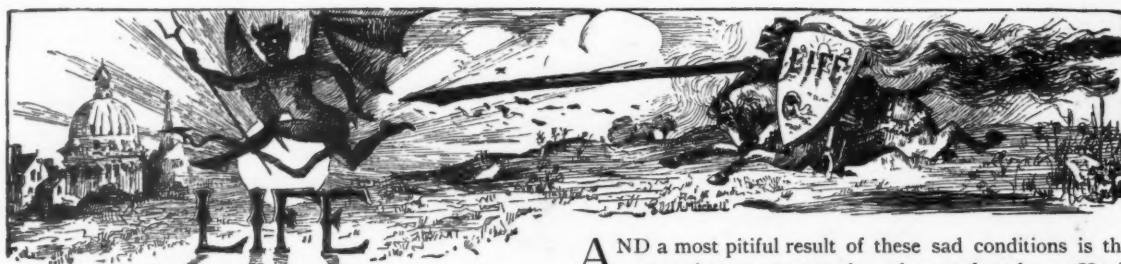
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[From a Woodcut found in an Ancient Volume.]

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

Abel: WELL, CAIN, IS THIS HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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SAID a precocious young rascal who has been given the use-dishonored title of "Napoleon of Finance," because he has been instrumental in wrecking a railroad at an age when most men in positions of trust are willing to take their chances to come by fortunes honestly, and who was at the time he so proudly spoke, a refugee in Canada:

"Before we get through with our persecutors, we will show them that we are not five-thousand-dollar thieves."

The import of this precocious young rascal's remark was that, while he considered it a disgrace to be a felon in moderate circumstances, yet there was a certain grandeur in the prospect before him of being a convicted criminal for millions. The *Herald* reporter to whom he thus vaingloriously delivered himself, describes him as in the best of spirits, and beaming with delight in his disgraceful notoriety, a condition that has marked his deportment ever since his thieving machinations brought him into the disrepute that will be his portion through a dishonored life.

IT is a sad circumstance of this era of great fortunes that the lives of many great American financiers and millionaires remind us that we can all make our lives as sublime as theirs by throwing aside commercial integrity, betraying the confidence of associates in business enterprises, and "hardening the heart"—in the graphic Bible phrase—to ruin and devastation brought upon trusting friends. It is an even sadder circumstance of this era of civilization that the great majority of men and women, even though there may be contempt in the hearts of some, rather than admiration, will fawn upon the successful man, though they know his success means only that he has not scrupled to drive men to suicide, widows to poverty, and children to misery and crime, in order to enhance his own fortunes. Why, it is only a few weeks ago that a respected clergyman of this city, who has in his congregation a millionaire whose name is synonymous with all that is most despicable, sordid and mean in the history of money-getting, dared to say in a public interview that he believed divine grace found place in this paltry fellow's soul.

AND a most pitiful result of these sad conditions is the precocious young rascal we have referred to. He is as abnormal and morbid a criminal development as Jesse Pomeroy, the boy thug, whose childish delight was the killing of his playmates. Though untainted by heredity, this young sneak-thief, in the very spring-time of youth, the age at which the nobler emotions are the motive moral forces; when life seems bright and the attainment of purpose easy; before failure saps the courage of the ambitious young heart, or the betrayal of confidence brings about cynicism and that dark distrust that leads weak men to put aside scruple in the belief that gain may only be had by dishonorable means—at this hopeful period of his life, this precocious young rascal deliberately marks out a career of crime, though attempting to prevent its punishment by law, and consistently follows it.

* * *

THERE have been other young swindlers and thieves before, but none before to publicly glory in the enormity of their offenses, or to make their boasts loud in proportion to the evil they have accomplished. An old criminal whose heart is hardened and whose conscience is seared is more excusable.

"What is loathsome to the young
Savors well to thee and me"

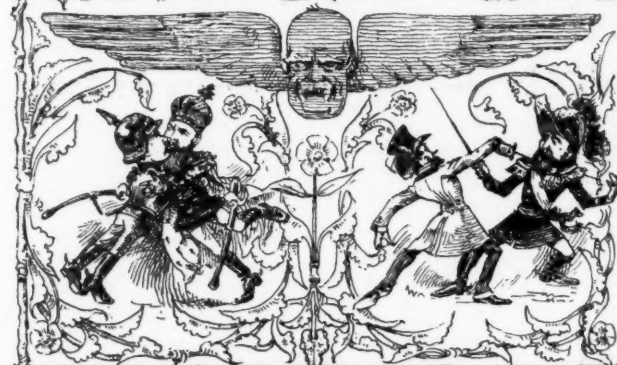
is often as true as in the sense in which the poet used it, when applied to the conditions of business life.

* * *

AND, after all, it is quite probable that if the young rascal we have in mind is able to keep out of prison and build a fortune upon his chosen principles, he may in time be paid the outward forms of respect by honest men. It is a melancholy sort of satisfaction, though unfortunately it involves something in the nature of a paradox, that the rascal—in the abstract as in the case in point—can never possess that self-respect that is the honest man's highest satisfaction. The misfortune is that the rascal, not knowing what elevation of thought is, cannot suffer from a lack of self-respect.

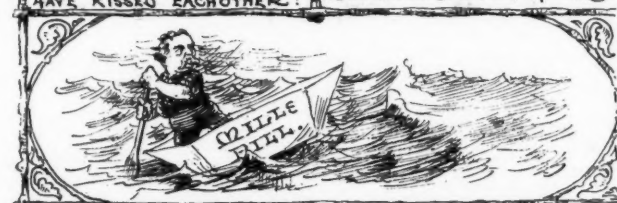
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THE sporting fraternity has an adage that often comes into play in its business, which is that "money talks." It is a companion picture to the vulgar but graphic phrase "Put up or shut up." We note that many of our Republican contemporaries are so sure that their candidate will be elected that they can hardly find type enough to express themselves. We also note that no Republican bets, as yet, are even. The man who bets on the Democratic side is always obliged to give odds, and he is generally quite willing to do so. What does this mean? Are the Republicans afraid to let their money talk for them?



RIGHTEOUSNESS AND PEACE
HAVE KISSED EACH OTHER.

BOULANGER'S LITTLE AFFAIR.



A STORMY PASSAGE.

JULY has been a disappointment in this respect; that the greater part of the month has been delightfully cool and that the city has been a very pleasant summer resort. People who have shivered at the watering-places perhaps regret this.

WE celebrated two victories this month, the birthday of National Independence and the battle of Gettysburg; but in Chicago the demon of anarchy has dared to show his hideous head again. However, the police promptly hit it, and Americans need not worry that he will remain above the nethermost gloom long.

THE political event of the month, the accomplishment of a part of its stormy passage by the Mills bill, is auspicious.

YOUNG Bill Hohenzollern, of Germany, goes to make a call upon Alex Romanoff, of Russia, and all Europe is in sensation. Does it mean peace or war? Perhaps old man Bismarck can tell. But, alas, poor Boulanger! He has retired into history.



DYNAMITE



THE GETTYSBURG REUNION: AN OBJECT LESSON FOR POLITICIANS



CHICAGO FASHIONS.

LIFE in Chicago has a new horror this summer. When you see a man in full dress drive by about two o'clock in the afternoon, you can't tell whether he is a baseball player going to the game, or a society leader on his regular afternoon outing.

* * *

SONNY: Papa, has the Duke of Marlborough much power?

PAPA: He has the widow's might.

* * *



THE Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, the great pulpit athlete of Brooklyn, always did expect too much. While preaching to the Thirtieth Regiment at the Peekskill encampment last Sunday he cried:

"Come up, Robespierre, Talleyrand, Henry the Fifth! Come up from the depths of hell, and with your ashen lips shout a warning against evil doings!"

Now, according to the theology expounded by Dr. Talmage himself, the three gentlemen he appealed to could not come up, even if they cared to see the Thirtieth drill; and, if they did, the very circumstance that their lips are ashen would prevent their shouting. Was Dr. Talmage making a bluff? We trust not.

* * *



Before

OUR
FRESH AIR
FUND

After

THE contributors to this fund may care to know that all the children we have sent to the country have gone to good places—most of them to farms. They go in bands numbering from forty to one hundred, and it is unnecessary to say they return after their two weeks' outing vastly improved in health and spirits—often quite different beings. There are few ways in this world by which so much happiness with so little money can be secured to others.

| | |
|--|------------|
| Previously acknowledged | \$1,903.97 |
| J. N. Edgar | 10.00 |
| Fairfield, Katharine and Dorothy | 9.00 |
| H. C. B. | 5.00 |
| H. B. H. | 25.00 |
| M. | 3.00 |
| A. L. W. | 3.00 |
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| W. F. Ladd | 5.00 |
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| Mrs. J. V. M. | 25.00 |
| A Scribbler | 3.00 |
| E. H. B. | 3.00 |

Total, \$2,364.97

* * *

IF some of our brilliant republican contemporaries, who are so vigorously denouncing the Cobden Club just at present, knew more about the man the club is named after, they would not hold up his name as a bugaboo to workingmen.



THE HEARTLESS GIRL.

He (who in an attempt to get some pond-lilies has fallen in): DON'T I LOOK THE VERY ESSENCE OF WOE, MISS BROWN?
She: OH, NO, MR. JONES; YOU LOOK MORE LIKE "POND'S EXTRACT."

KEEPING WITHIN BOUNDS.

SAID a distinguished patient to his physician: "Doctor, will you hand me my medicine, please?"

"Excuse me, sir," responded the man of science, "but I am only connected with the bulletin part of your case. Another doctor will be here directly."

NERVE AND PLUCK.

RAILROAD SUPERINTENDENT (*to applicant*): Have you sufficient nerve and courage to do your duty in times of danger?

APPLICANT (*with a superior smile*): Nerve and courage, sir? I jest ate three of those railroad sandwiches down-stairs.

SUPERINTENDENT (*to clerk*): Give this man an engine on the "limited" night run.

THE WOMAN OF IT!

I.

SHE bathed in the sea
 And she walked on its beach
 (Oh, the sly little flirt!)
 In her blue bathing skirt
 That barely would reach
 From her waist to her knee.

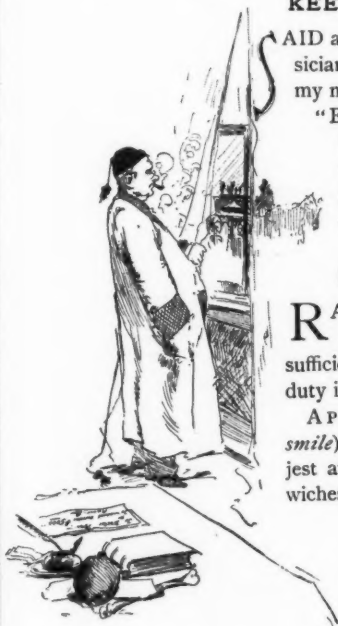
II.

But she "just had the blues"
 And sat down in despair—
 In the direst distress—
 For her new tennis dress
 Was indecent to wear,
 Though it came to the *tops of her shoes!*

W. H. G.

RECENTLY returned travelers bring the information that the Dey of Algiers is something of a night-hawk.

HOWEVER extravagant a contortionist may be he always manages to make both ends meet.





PURITAN MODESTY—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

AFTER all the Puritans lived their greatest things, and it would be less honor for them to have written them, as some other peoples have done, though the gain to literature might have been more.—W. D. HOWELLS, in *Harper's* for August.

This accurate judgment is apropos of the specimens of early colonial literature given in the volumes recently compiled by Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson. It is to be regretted that the same principles in regard to modesty in letters did not descend to the sons of the Puritans. Certainly, throughout the present century, they have devoted a great deal of their intellectual energy to glorifying the deeds of their fathers and contrasting them with those of other branches of the American people, much to the detriment of the latter.

In the modern New Englander the faculty of expression has been abnormally developed. It is, perhaps, the result of generations of school teachers, parsons, provincial lawyers, and local politicians, who, in the midst of comparative poverty, have exalted the benefit of the "liberty to think," which to them was synonymous with "liberty to talk."

SO it has happened that the rest of the United States has come to believe in the supremacy of New England

thought and ideas merely because that loquacious people has so persistently asserted it. The smallest fad, or mildest heresy, or strangest fanaticism, which has originated in New England, has immediately attracted to itself a talking and writing constituency which has straightway spread it throughout the country.

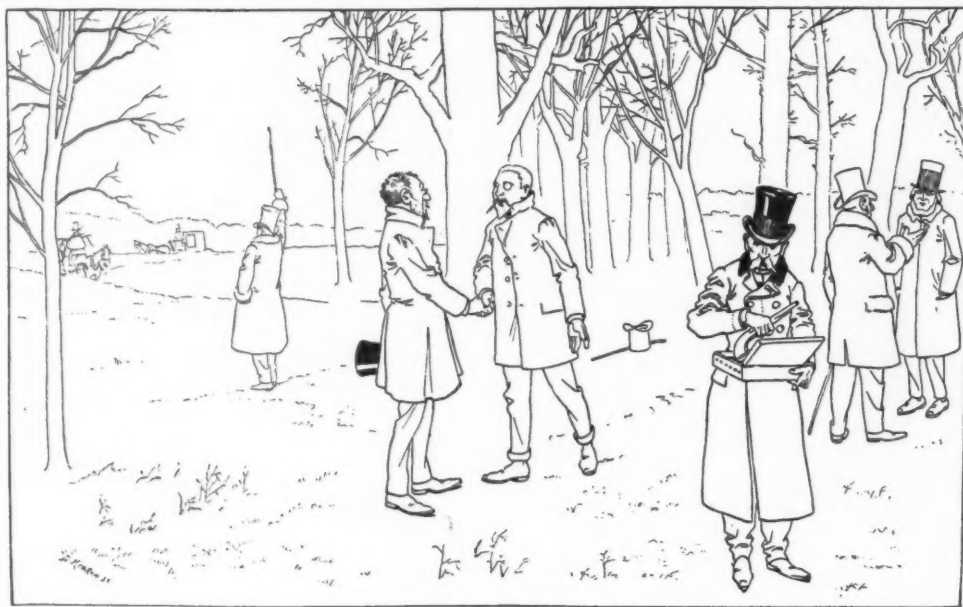
In this manner, New England ideas *have* dominated us. While the great Middle and Southern States were busy creating the material wealth of this country, they modestly allowed New England to blow the trumpets. Even now it is heresy to say it—but we believe it is capable of proof that in our political history the aggressive, intolerant way in which New England ideas have been advanced has caused us some of our greatest troubles.

A semi-civilized nation like Brazil has freed its slaves without a civil war, and the calm judgment of the generation of Americans which has grown up since our war is that we could have been equally humane and intelligent.

The thoroughly reasonable doctrine of States Rights which a republican Supreme Court has declared the law of the land, probably would have been accepted by the old South, but it was driven away from compromise by a wholly unreasonable New England doctrine of centralization.

* * *

IN short, for a century we have quietly taken New England at her own estimate of herself—which has certainly not been bashfully expressed. We have been "talked out of court." While granting New England's supremacy in



From *La Caricature*.

LE DUEL.

Après une discussion violente, ils ont échangé leur carte avec l'intention de se pourfendre très sérieusement. La rencontre arrangée, le rendez-vous pris aux environs de Paris, ils découvrirent mutuellement qu'ils avaient été absurdes; aussi les balles s'égarèrent-elles, et après une chaleureuse poignée de mains, ils recommencèrent une amitié éternelle par un déjeuner exquis.

what she has taught us to call "American literature"—the rest of the States need not believe that they are, therefore, of a lower grade of civilization. If the faculty of expression and civilization went entirely hand in hand, then we should have a great deal more to learn from the times of Shakespeare, Dante, Virgil, Molière, Voltaire, or Confucius.

Is it not time to quit believing that only a narrow seashore strip of this country is civilized and refined, while all the rest is vulgar? The West and South have been told this so often in New England books that they have come to acquiesce in it, though they may be sceptical of its truth.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS .

AN IDYL OF BAR HARBOR. Frederick W. Pearson. New York: The Welles Publishing Company.

The Tale of the Shakespeare Epitaph. By Francis Bacon. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

A Winter Picnic. By Dickinson and Dowd. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Septameron. Philadelphia: David McKay.

The Maiden Widow. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Land of the Nihilist. By W. E. Curtis. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

The Lone Grave of the Shenandoah. By Donn Piatt. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

Woman the Stronger. By W. J. Flagg. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

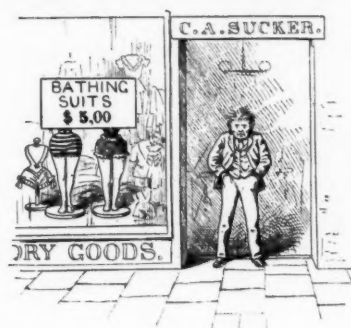


JUST THE PLACE.

She: I DON'T KNOW WHERE I SHALL GO THIS SUMMER, IF I GO ANYWHERE. I REALLY HAVE NOTHING TO WEAR.

Uncle James: THEN WHY NOT GO TO NARRAGANSETT BAY.

WHERE HIS KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE
CAME IN.



A SICK HOUSEHOLD.

STRANGER (*to citizen at front gate*): I see you've got a red flag out; small-pox in the household?

CITIZEN (*dismally*): Wuss nor that, Stranger; there's a Sheriff in the household!

NO TIME TO LOSE.

FIRST NEW YORKER (*on Broadway*): What's your hurry, Brown?

SECOND NEW YORKER (*breathlessly*): Hanged if I know! What's yours?

FIRST NEW YORKER: Hanged if I know! Let's go and take something.

DISASTROUS SUSPICION.

CHARLEY: I say, Brown, have you got change for a ten?

HARRY (*suspiciously*): Er—no, Charley, I haven't a cent in my pocket.

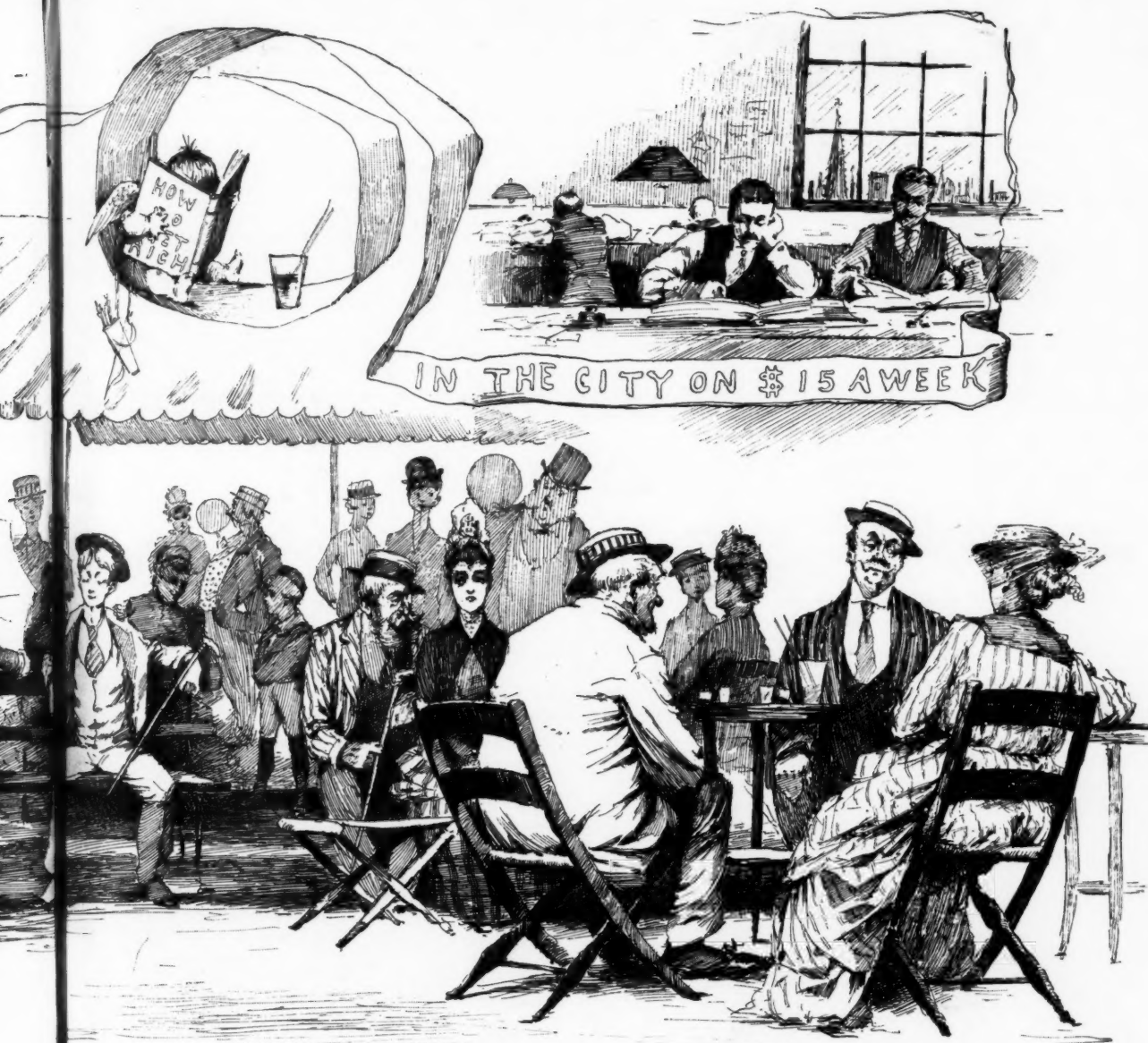
CHARLEY: Sorry, old man; I wanted to pay the five I owe you.

THE TEA-GROWER'S HYMN—"Nothing but Leaves."



A CHANCE FOR RE

LET THE GIRLS HAVE SOMETHING BESIDE OLD ME



ANCE R REFORM.

G BESID OLD MEN AND BOYS AT THE SEASHORE.



SUMMER STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE FLY.

LET us walk together, dear reader, and learn that in strolling through this beautiful world with open eyes we shall see many things that we should not were they closed.

Let us bring intelligent methods of observation to bear on the fly. Not the elusive fly which the baseball player vainly essays to keep from gliding through his lubricated fingers, nor yet the fly District Telegraph boy, whom no one has ever seen fly.

The fly we mean is just the simple American house-fly. Not so simple, dear reader; no, not so simple as he looks, and the human race has never been able to bunco him into the belief that vinegar was molasses. Nathless, he is simple in his tastes. A little thing like a bald head furnishes him more amusement than a whole Wagner opera.

His sense of humor is well developed, and his sides fairly shake with laughter as he glides away into space and looks back at you with two or three thousand of his eyes, while you vainly slap the place where he was—but isn't.

Solomon said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." The fly is away ahead of the ant as a missionary. He does not wait for the sluggard to come to him, but gets up early in the morning, and goes right to work and finds the sluggard in bed. No matter how much trouble the sluggard may have taken the night before to keep him out, the fly is on hand, singing his morning hymn of praise, and prospecting around to find out just what kind of sluggard he has tackled this time. This search for information involves walking around

on exposed portions of the sluggard's cuticle and frequent pauses for consideration. Then the sluggard wakes up, aims carefully, and strikes a desperate blow, only to bruise his own nose or ear, as the case may be, while the happy fly—happy in the consciousness of duty done—flits off to return anon and renew his labors. Then the sluggard gets up, and all that day, if he needed a fly to bait a fish-hook, he couldn't find one within a mile. How beautiful are thy ways, O Nature!

How we rebel at being roused from slumber at unseemly hours! Not so the fly. Come with me, dear reader, into this dark room and light the gas. Do you see the flies calmly sleeping on the ceiling? Note how gladly and cheerfully they waken and join in our little repast. See the alacrity with which they come down and promenade in our butter, or bathe in our milk. Mark, too, how willingly the humble fly lays down even his life in the great cause of huckleberry pie. Thus, reader mine, by closer observation, we learn that in Nature's grand plan even the most insignificant of things—even a fly!—has its work to do and its place to fill.

Metcalfe.

NO FURTHER HOPE.

"ALL is over, darling," he said, in a tone of intense pain, and, leaning his head upon his hands, he writhed in anguish. "I see nothing before me but dark despair; we must part, and forever! I've just come from your father."

"Great heavens, George!" gasped the fainting girl, "did papa withhold his consent?"

"Ah, yes; until he has looked me up in Bradstreets'!"

COLOSSAL IGNORANCE.

SALESWOMAN (to gentleman, who has picked up a bustle from the counter): Something in that line?

GENTLEMAN: Well, I dunno; do you keep canary birds, too?

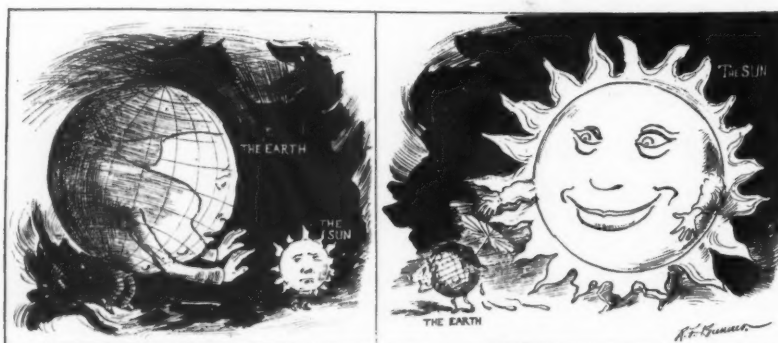
EVE was not noted particularly for a quarrelsome disposition, yet she raised Cain.

AN unsafe seat—Conceit.

JUVENILE CRITICISM.

BEETHOVEN BANGER (who labors under the delusion that he is an artist on the piano): Well, Master Reggie, would you like to be a fine musician?

REGGIE: Yes, first rate; wouldn't you?



"THE FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE."

ASTRONOMICAL CHART, SHOWING THE COMPARATIVE SIZE OF THE EARTH AND SUN AT DIFFERENT SEASONS.



WITH OUR APOLOGIES.

MONTAGUE (*tenderly*): Now, why are you like the ball Anson caught to-day?

BELINDA (*shyly*): Don't know. Why?

MONTAGUE: Because it was a fowl, and a little duck is a fowl, and two things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other, and—

VOICE OF ATHLETIC RIVAL: And why are you like the man at the bat?

MONTAGUE: I don't know.

ATHLETIC RIVAL: Because you're going to be put out. (*Montague makes a home run.*)

PATERNAL WISDOM.

TEACHER: Johnnie, how do you decline *to drink*?

JOHNNY: I asked my papa, and he said he never did decline it.

WHAT the wheel said to the blacksmith: "You make me tired!"

REFLECTIONS.

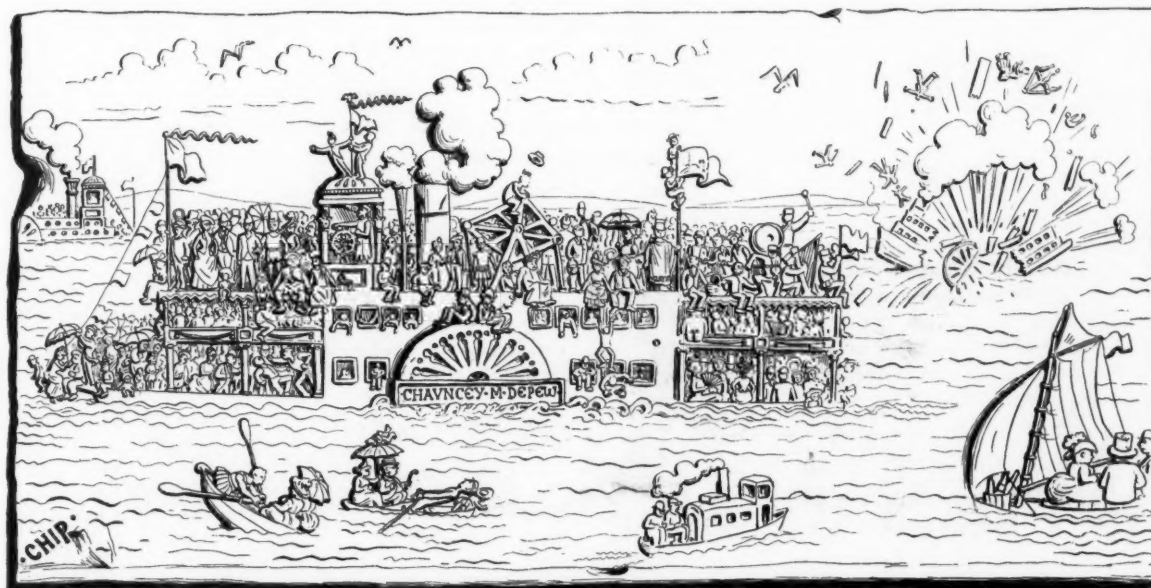
THE paragraphers who resent the refuted extortions of porters on Mr. Chauncey Depew's sleeping-cars will learn with pleasure that Mr. Depew paid \$25 for a cup of tea at a recent London fair.

IT does seem at times as if the New York *Sun's* phenomenal activity in climbing back and forth over the fence would exhaust it before the campaign is fairly started. First it puts in a good lick for Mr. Thurman, or gives General Harrison as fine a blast as any Democratic paper in the land; and the next minute it is over the rail, making faces at the President and telling the most phenomenal crammers about what England will do when she has adapted our tariff to her necessities, and taken a mortgage on our precious liberties.

All that is necessary to make the *Sun* comfortable this year in the Democratic fold is to put up a new man, as different as possible from the present candidate, and set him on a platform diametrically opposed to this present platform.

That is all.

THE friends of young Mr. W. W. Phelps Dodge, who did not succeed in running away with the young lady from the circus, believe he was spared to avenge his country by raising havoc with the British peerage. His presence in England offsets in some degree the recent visits of the Duke of Marlborough to this country.



THE EXCURSION BOAT.

SAFE? OH, YES! THEY ARE SUBMITTED TO A VERY RIGID INSPECTION, YOU KNOW; AND THEN, THEY ARE NEVER OVERCROWDED.



Customer: BUT ISN'T THAT RATHER SKIMP FOR A BATHING DRESS?

Clerk: WELL, THAT DEPENDS UPON WHERE YOU ARE GOING TO SPEND THE SUMMER. IF YOU ARE GOING TO THE BRANCH YOU WILL PERHAPS NEED ABOUT HALF AS MUCH MORE, BUT IF YOU INTEND GOING TO A MORE FASHIONABLE PLACE YOU WILL FIND A PIECE LIKE THIS WILL MORE THAN MAKE YOU A SUIT.

WE all have our ups and downs. Mr. Robert Garrett is said to have returned with health restored, and now Mr. Jay Gould is not feeling so well again.

GENERAL GREELY is understood to explain that if the hottest days don't match his prognostications, it is the weather's fault, not his.

IT is true that Colonel Eugene Field pronounces Robert Browning to be "a slobberer," and avers that his work is "slovenly, involved and incoherent;" but no one must imagine from that that Colonel Field expects to leave Chicago.

The Colonel does not care for pork, and has constantly to create new interests for himself. The Browningites tide him over the dull spells between anarchists.

E. S. M.

A WISE BOY.

GENTLEMAN (*to boy in Madison Square*): Are you the messenger boy who took my note fifteen minutes ago?

"Yes, sir."

"Did you deliver it?"

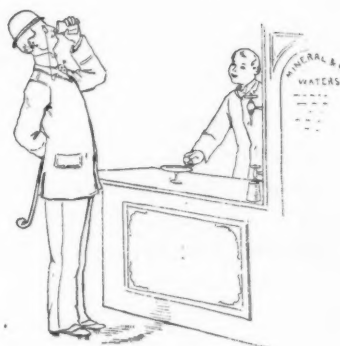
"No, sir."

"Where is the quarter I gave you?"

"Bought a special delivery stamp and a package of cigarettes; it'll get there quicker, Mister."



"VENI."



"VIDI."



"VICHY."



HOPPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

"If you think my legs eccentric,"
Said the grasshopper to the bee,
"And my forehead queerly pointed
Where the brain-box ought to be;
That my mouth has feeble motions
Whence dark mysteries do exude,
Please to know I once existed
As a Pythagorean dude."

—Judge.

CUSTOMER (in restaurant): A broiled spring chicken, waiter, and a small bottle of vintage '74.

WAITER: Yes, sir. (Later)—Find everything right, sir?

CUSTOMER: No; you've made a mistake. You've brought me spring wine and a '74 vintage chicken.—Sun.

MRS. RAZZLE (who has just arrived in the country): Mr. Razzle wanted me to ask you if you had room enough in the barn for a pair of cobs he is to bring up from the city?

ELNATHAN: Bless yer heart, of course we has. He kin put 'm right in th' corn-crib 'long with th' rest of last year's shuckin'.—Judge.

PENN: Did thee ever see Philadelphia before, Mr. Knickerbocker?

KNICKERBOCKER: Candidly, William, I never did. Whenever I've seen Philadelphia she's been somewhat behind.—Harper's Bazar.

"Did you kill that man?" asked the prosecuting officer of a man who was on trial for murder.

"Yes, sir. But it was in self-defense."

"I presume so. Such affairs usually are. What necessity was there for you to defend yourself from him?"

"He was my cook."—Merchant Traveler.

AUNT: Mina, what has become of all your beautiful curls? You have not got any left.

MINA: You see, the cavalry regiment that has been stationed here has been ordered away, and I had to give each of my admirers a lock of hair.—Texas Siftings.

THE young lady was reading a story on the lonely piazza of the summer hotel. The story began thus: "It was at a summer resort in July. He was a young man and he—" Here the young lady threw aside the book in disgust. "The story is too utterly absurd," she said. "There are no young men at summer resorts in July." Then she went out under the trees, climbed into a hammock and went to sleep.—Chicago News.

VISITOR: You take it easy, Brown. You must have a good salary.

BROWN: H-m—ya-as—pre y well. I draw three hundred a year—save say a hundred, and run into debt four hundred, that's—eight hundred; and if a bachelor can't live on that—ought to be ashamed of himself!!—Punch.

AN indifferent actor, who bitterly resented the German journalist Saphir's criticisms, revenged himself by chalking on his door the word "Ass." Saphir, who recognized the hand, dressed himself very carefully the next day and returned the call. "You were kind enough to pay me a visit yesterday," he said, "as I saw by the name, so permit me to return the civility."—San Francisco Argonaut.



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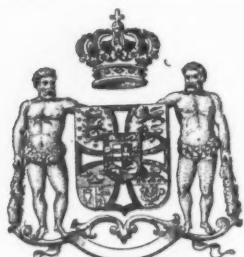
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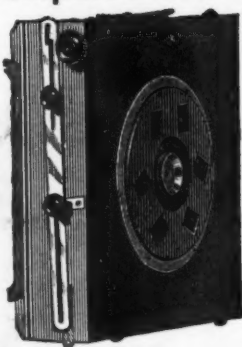
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